

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 11.

*April.*

I see skies of cloudless blue,  
Sunlight glancing on the dew;  
Tender blades, too quickly grown,  
By the south wind gently blown;  
Amber buds unfolding, now  
Green mist clothes the woody bough.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Blossom of the almond-trees,  
April's gift to April's bees,  
Birth-day ornament of spring,  
Flora's fairest underling!

—*Educin Arnold.*

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

—*Longfellow.*

*Mother's Old Hymn.*

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Through the trembling folds of the twilight dim  
I can hear the strains of that grand old hymn,  
Which mother, whose heart is now still and cold,  
Sang amidst her cares in the days of old.

\* \* \* \*

There was something about it, undefined,  
That charmed into quiet the troubled mind,  
O'er the bleak heart breathed with a spirit bland,  
Like a warm South wind o'er a frozen land.

And crowning it all with a strange, deep chord,  
Like the throb of the heart of the blessed Lord,  
That shed through the fainting soul abroad  
A sense of the pitying love of God.

The songs of the singers that fame has crowned  
In the flood of the years are lost and drowned,  
But mother's old hymn, every pause and tone,  
With the growth of time has the sweeter grown.

\* \* \* \*

And it seems not out of the past to come—  
An echo only of lips that are dumb—  
But down from the home of the glorified  
It has always come since the day she died.

We know not the music that spirits hear  
As earth is receding and heaven draws near,  
But treading death's valley of shadows dim,  
I ask but to hear my mother's hymn.

*The Autoocrat of the Hive and Her Progeny.*

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen.

The queen-cells are the shape and size of a small peanut, space being made for them by cutting away several cell-chambers. The larvae are fed upon a curious milky food of a rich, creamy flavor, which is called "royal jelly," and is used for no other purpose. As soon as her royal highness is hatched she sets about tearing open the other queen-cells, for she allows no rival near her throne. She is prevented by the bees from so doing when they wish to provide themselves with an extra sovereign for swarming. It is then the old queen who issues from the hive, leaving the field to her young rival.

When the virgin queen is five or six days old she emerges from the hive for the first time on a bridal tour. Soon returning, she never leaves the hive again, unless she goes out with a swarm to found a new colony. When my lady, the queen-mother, dies, the swarm start other queen-cells from the eggs already in the comb. If there are no eggs in the hive they are listless and discouraged and work with much less energy, and unless soon furnished with a queen, or with larvae, they become extinct. When they are in such a condition, if you place a queen in the wire cage they are usually carried in where they can see her. They generally manifest joy by a fluttering of the wings, and receive her at once into their hive and their affections.

How pleasant! Auntie exclaimed. Imagine the speeches of welcome, the triumphal pageantry, the feasting, the deputations from distant provinces, the royal escorts and court festivities! And then the reporters from other hives, ready to transmit news about the coronation robes and state jewels, and the shape of the crown! Think of their different renderings of her speech, and the description of her looks,—would we could understand the bee language!

If we could, said Mary, we should probably hear: Behold, oh, august Queen! the nicest cells you ever saw, and we wish you to fill them in the shortest order! We pledge you our loyal efforts to rear your young in thrifty habits, and feed you the daintiest tid-bits from the choicest flowers; only do you do your very best. We must all work for posterity.

The queen is the nucleus of a hive which contains from twenty to thirty thousand members. In her prime she lays from fifteen hundred to two thousand eggs daily, each in the centre of its cell. In three days you will see a bit of worm, or larva, in place of the egg. In seven more days it is large enough to fill the cell, when its guardians

cap it over and leave it to its transformation in darkness. Then undergoes another wondrous change. On the twenty-first day from the laying of the egg the inmate breaks down the cell door and steps daintily out, a beautiful little creature with soft coloring and bright bee-baby ways. And what does it do? Why, just turns about and feeds the larva, just as it was fed in the same condition, with half digested larva food of pollen and honey. Then the young fellow goes to work and helps build the comb as perfectly as though it had been at work for a century, for a few days before gathering nectar outside.

What a geometerian it is! interrupted Aunt Keziah, aye, and a "yellow-breeched philosopher" too! It is affirmed by scientists who have calculated closely that the wax-cell has just the size and shape to hold the most honey in a given space, and with the least material and labor. Is not that something to make us reverence the innate intelligence of the bee? His instinct goes directly to that truth which man learns slowly through the use of his reason. Scientists also declare that man cannot improve upon their work. Does not that excite admiration and awe for the everlasting intelligence which acts over and through all forms of life?

—Adapted from *The What-to-do-Club.*

*Woman as a Poultry Farmer.*

There are many women engaged in this business now, but there are more who, if they knew the opportunities offered them in this branch of business, would gladly embrace it. A city woman to whom life in the country was almost unknown bought a little place near the city, and before moving thereon spent hours and hours in my office, taking advice and reading matters relating to the poultry business, and to-day she is a successful poultry farmer. Among my acquaintances I know of two other women who, beside the daily housekeeping duties, cared for a flock of fowls and earned yearly a sum of money that would have seemed munificent but a few short years ago. The tender sympathies of woman seem to center upon objects of care and solicitude, and this trait is important in rearing not only children, but our dumb friends, and they realize quickly the hand of friendship and respond lovingly to the care and kindness bestowed upon them.

—C. W. Smith, at Meeting of Farmers.

\* \* \* \* \*

The god of love,—ah, *benedicite!* How mighty and how great a god is he!  
For he of low hearts can make high; of high  
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;  
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

—Chaucer.

## Our Dumb Animals.

### *An Oriental Infirmary.*

There is one place that one should not miss seeing in Bombay, and that is the Pinjrapoore, or the Jain hospital for animals. It is one of the most peculiarly Oriental institutions in the East, and the largest to be found in India—pagan in everything, even in that disposition which has become almost a natural instinct to the Hindus, the Buddhists, and the Jains, to feel respect not alone for what is stronger and more beautiful than themselves, but for what is weaker and more helpless, and even hideous. The Pinjrapoore is situated in one of the most densely-populated portions of the native town.

We were conducted by two very civil men, low-caste Jains, into what appeared a large courtyard. A number of low sheds and several other courts ran all round it. I must confess I was greatly disappointed in the appearance of the building itself; it was mean and wretchedly dirty. But as for the aspect of the inmates, it was at once both ludicrous and pathetic. I felt inclined to laugh and cry by turns. Never was such a medley of sick and aged animals seen anywhere else. A number of sick oxen were undergoing treatment at the hands of several physicians who live near the hospital, and whose sole care is to attend to its inmates. One poor old, lean cow was having her leg dressed, and she seemed to be pretty conscious of the physician's kind intentions, for she stood perfectly still and quiet during the operation, which must have lasted an hour at least. The other aged and sick cattle, some blind, others scarred, not a few with bandages over their eyes or with halting steps, presented a singularly pathetic sight. We passed into several small courtyards where cats and dogs and many aged greyhounds find a pleasant home. Some of these were old and infirm to such a degree that it was painful to look at them. One big dog was pointed out to me by one of the men as the "bura kahna wallah," one who delighted in big dinners; they certainly did not aid in fattening him, for he was the leanest creature I have ever seen.

The monkey part of the hospital was the most entertaining. A big ape supported itself on crutches; another sick inmate was lying stretched full length on the floor, gazing most pitifully into the keeper's face. It seemed to be an object of deep interest to all the other monkeys who clustered around it. The native doctor shook his head solemnly, and if it had been a human being he could not have said more tenderly, "Bachara! bachara! whoo murga hai" ("Poor thing! poor thing! she is dying"). Almost all of the infirm inmates looked on their dying comrade with peculiar intelligence in their faces, as if they had a sort of vague idea of what was happening. As I looked on, I could not doubt but that each one had somehow divined the meaning of the doctor's foreboding shake of the head.

In these compartments were collected, as it almost seemed, every known quadruped and biped on the face of the globe. Old elephants, dilapidated buffaloes, depilated ravens, vultures, and buzzards huddled together with gray-bearded goats and most foolish-looking old rams; rats, mice, rabbits, hens, herons, lame ducks, forlorn old cocks, and sparrows, jackals, old owls, and geese, live here in harmony side by side. I have been shown through palaces which interested me less.

We waited to see this curious medley of inmates dine. When the food which suited each class was being conveyed by a band of attendant boys to their various pens, troughs, etc., the noise and confusion were deafening. The monkeys in particular, with the peacocks—birds the most sacred to the Hindus and Jains—raised such a howl and were so importunate to be served first that we were glad to escape. Such is the extreme limit to which Oriental charity is carried. At first sight it seemed absurd beyond words.

Nevertheless, there is something very noble and touching about this "infirmary" for the brute creation. Every one who finds any animal wounded, sick, aged, or dying is authorized to bring it here, and here it is really well cared for until death comes to relieve it from all suffering. Who can estimate the power of an institution that is continually caring for the dumb mates of the animal kingdom, who bear not only man's burdens, but his harshness and neglect, with the patience of almost sanctified beings?

—*Mrs. Leonowens' Life and Travel in India.*

### *A Devout (But Rather Sectarian) Dog.*

Greenfield, Mass., once boasted of a dog whose church-going proclivities might well make him an example to his brother-men. He was a regular attendant upon the ministrations of the venerable and venerated Dr. Chandler, pastor of the North Parish Church.

After the death of his first master, who was a member of Dr. Chandler's church, the dog became the property of a well-known Baptist deacon. But the dog, with a faithful consistency worthy of the old martyrs, refused to change creeds with masters. Regularly, every Sunday morning, he started for church with the family; but, when they reached the road that turned off toward Dr. Chandler's, leaving the family to pursue their way without him, the dog invariably trotted off alone down this road to the church of his preference.

He was an object of great interest to the children of the congregation, and helped beguile the way for them through many a long sermon a little above their heads. He was a large, yellow dog, with the dignified bearing of one who respects himself. The possession of but one ear added to the peculiar sagacity of his aspect, especially when cocked with a wise air of interest in the proceedings.

The pulpit was reached by a long flight of steps, with a landing at the top. When Dr. Chandler entered the church and mounted these steps, the dog always followed him, and stationed himself on the landing, where he remained during the service, conducting himself with the greatest gravity and propriety. If he were sometimes guilty of a stolen nap, he was not without company in the pews.

As most of the congregation lived a long distance from the church, they usually brought lunches which were eaten during the short nooning between the two services. The dog mingled affably with the congregation during this nooning, and was never suffered to go hungry. In the afternoon, he resumed his post on the pulpit-landing, where he remained until the close of the service, when he trotted off homewards, apparently as full of edification as any of the congregation.

In some way, by some mysterious dog-wisdom that our dull human brains cannot fathom, he always knew when Sunday came. On week-days he accompanied the family to the village, as a matter of course. Only on Sundays, but invariably then, did he forsake them for the road across the meadows to the North Parish Church.

How little we understand these dumb kinsmen of ours,—how narrow the dividing line between soul and what we call instinct! Interesting indeed would it have been to look inside this dog's brain, and read his thoughts, for thoughts he evidently had; to see what ideas he associated with the church services, why he enjoyed them, and felt determined to regularly attend them. For my own part, seeing the vast superiority in real moral worth, mental ability, and practical usefulness of some dogs, horses, cats of my acquaintance, over many human beings one encounters, first and last, I am a full believer in a heaven for animals, where nought that molests or makes afraid shall ever enter, where their great and unmerited suffering in this world shall be recompensed by full measure of happiness and comfort.

At all events, heaven or no heaven for them, it is safe to treat animals kindly. Harsh abuse of them not only marks a man or boy as a coarse brute, but it reacts on the petty tyrant himself, making him constantly more brutal and domineering, not only to animals, but toward all helpless beings that fall into his power. When I see some men lashing and kicking their horses, I sigh for their wives and children at home,—yea, and for their sons' wives, too. Like father, like son, never comes truer than in the father's treatment of his wife; and a brute in one thing is sure to be a brute all through.

—*"P. Thorne," in Christian Register, (Abridged).*

A gentleman who possesses a very intelligent dog recently lost him in the city streets. He was happily found by a friend of his owner, who recognized him immediately, and at once called his friend by telephone. "Have you lost your dog?" "Yes; have you seen him?" was the reply. "Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog was lifted up, and the earpiece placed at his ear. "Jack, Jack!" called the master. Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine.

### *Through Sleep to Death.*

Dr. B. W. Richardson contributes to the *Popular Science Monthly* for March an elaborate illustrated article on the "Painless Extinction of Life."

Thirty-five years ago he made a small lethal chamber that was used successfully for killing animals. Four years later he began to illustrate this method. In 1871 he brought it before the Medical Society of London. About that time he suggested to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals this mode of painlessly killing dogs and cats that were wounded in the streets. He has since used all known anesthetics to ascertain the cheapest, most adaptable, and most certain in action.

As a result of his researches he fixed upon carbonic oxide as one of the best and cheapest lethal agents for the painless destruction of life in the lower creatures. Persons accidentally narcotized by it, who recovered, declared that they passed into sleep in the ordinary way, and knew no more. By an ingeniously adapted stove this narcotic is produced from burning charcoal and passed into the chamber through a porous burned loam known as Verity's gas-fuel. The narcotizing process is intensified at the proper moment by pouring an anesthetic mixture of equal parts of methylated chloroform and carbon bisulphide upon this patent gas-fuel, the passage of warm gas over it liberating a vapor that is carried into the chamber.

The animals fall asleep commonly in two to three minutes, and in a like longer time cease to exist. Death comes through anesthesia, sleep, not by asphyxia, deprivation of air. Both are probably painless, but when properly carried out anesthesia is the most certain and least violent. All animals are not equally susceptible to the narcotic vapors. Cats fall asleep as rapidly as dogs, but do not so quickly pass into the final sleep. Some dogs die almost instantly. Others sleep several minutes before they cease to live.

Dr. Richardson has constructed a portable lethal chamber, said to be easily moved and managed by one man, at about one-third the cost of the large, fixed one. Sleep is induced by the anesthetic mixture used in connection with the Verity porous loam. A force pump charges the air of the chamber with the vapor thus produced, the animal to be slept into death having been placed therein. This process consumes about two minutes. The animal passes quickly into sleep, but does not die so quickly, though it is claimed as painlessly, as in the larger structure.

Dr. Richardson claims that for practical readiness, certainty and humanity, the lethal method excels all other modes of extinguishing animal life. He says that by carbonic oxide, sheep, swine, calves and fowls can be put to sleep with great rapidity before they are slaughtered. In this way he has put to painless death forty sheep, and found their flesh not at all injured for food. The Jewish objection to the retention of blood has no force, as animals bleed no less freely in the narcotic state.

But *The National Stockman* dissents from the theory that this method can be safely used in slaying animals for food.

It is well understood that the flesh of animals slaughtered without pain furnishes the most wholesome of meats. But chemical changes must occur in slaughter by narcotics. The poison which causes death becomes a destroying element in the flesh of the slain beast. It not only permeates the blood, but diffuses through the tissues, pervading the entire body. To eat the flesh of animals so slaughtered is to introduce into one's system, in some form, the elements of the death-producing narcotic. While there are enough mechanical processes by which death can be made so nearly instantaneous as to be practically painless, intelligent people, adds the *Stockman*, will be slow to adopt one open to so serious an objection.

RIVER PETS.—In the *Christian Register* soon will be a very pleasing sketch with this title, that was reluctantly given up for lack of room in our little paper. The *Register* generally devotes two or more of its spacious and comely pages to kindly ways with animals, not by dry and didactic methods, but through attractive and sympathetic studies in natural history. Some might object to its theology (or lack of it, if you prefer the statement in this form, gentle critic,) but as a humane educator the paper would be valuable in any household.

**Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.**

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

**Band of Mercy Pledge.**

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

**M. S. P. C. A.**

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

**Band of Mercy Information.**

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

**An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.**

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith. For 50 copies or upwards at the rate of \$2.00 per hundred; 3 cents each for small quantities.

Whole number of Bands of Mercy to March 25, 4773, with over 289,000 members.

**New Bands of Mercy.**

4762. Bridgeport, Conn. Church of the Redeemer Band. P. & S., Mrs. Wallace Williams.

**THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS.**

467. Canal, Ind. Juvenile Band.

4396. P. & S., Wm. H. Temuse.

468. New Orleans, La. Louisiana Band.

4397. P. & S., M. R. Chevalier.

469. New Orleans, La.

4755. P. & S., Mrs. L. M. Flower.

470. Guy's Mills, Pa. Eureka Band.

4756. P. & S., Silas Smock.

471. Corning, N. Y. Victory Band.

4757. P. & S., Wm. McCoy.

472. Honor Bright Band.

4758. P. & S., Sarah Jones.

473. Jessie Carlton Band.

4759. P. & S., Andrew Smith.

474. Never Say Fail Band.

4760. P. & S., Frank Cowan.

475. Lenox, Iowa.

4761. P. & S., Fanny Burk.

4762. Mount Kisco, N. Y.

4763. P., Harry V. Fiske.

S., Lizzie Hubbell.

477. Mount Kisco, N. Y. Union Band.

4764. P., Willie Adams.

S., Lizzie Jackson.

T., Minnie Millar.

478. Aberdeen, Miss. Angell Band.

4765. P. & S., Mrs. F. Q. Willis.

479. Sunshine, N. C. Cedar Grove Band.

4766. P., E. B. Baber.

S., J. E. Robertson.

480. Arlington, Ill. Golden Rule Band.

4767. P., Nona Maul.

S., Louis Frank.

481. Wilmington, N. C. Gregory Inst. Band.

4768. P. & S., Mary D. Hyde.

482. Mount Kisco, N. Y. Juvenile Band.

4769. P., Lulu Miller.

S., E. Tillie Cogney.

483. East Avon, N. Y.

4770. P., Sara L. Watson.

S., Cora Williams.

T., James Kelley.

484. Newark, N. J. Buttercup Band.

4771. P., Wm. H. DeMott.

S., Cora B. Flagg.

T., Margaret A. Penrose.

485. Medina, Ohio. Buckeye State Band.

4772. P., Homer Bishop.

S., Corwin McDowell.

T., Nellie Emery.

486. Marshall, Texas. Glenwood Band.

4773. P. & S., Mrs. A. C. Campbell.

**Boz.**

Mr. R. B. Williams of New York claims that his thoroughbred Scotch collie, for which he has refused an offer of \$5000, is the best educated dog in this country. He is twenty months old, of about ordinary size, light brown in color, with white breast and nose, and weighs thirty-five pounds.

Boz has a set of alphabet blocks by which he spells many words of three or four letters, a set of cards from which he selects words, a set of numeral blocks from which he chooses figures, a pack of playing cards from which he picks out a good hand, a set of coins out of which he singles any one required, and various other appliances.

When asked what he would write a note with he gets a pencil, and for a letter he takes a pen. He will jump over a chair as many times as requested, and no more. He distinguishes colors correctly, and the qualities of fabrics. Asked what he would do if sick and in a hospital he lays down and groans, and when a doctor comes he holds out his paw and puts out his tongue; what he likes to drink, his answer is milk, and where milk comes from, he signifies the cow. If attempts are made to direct him wrong when told to do a certain thing, he resists with a vigorous barking.

These are only a few of the acquirements of this wonderful dog. But that perhaps in which Boz is nearest akin to the human animal is that when asked how many days he would like to work he picks up the cipher.

**Editor of Our Dumb Animals:**

I was the owner of a black and tan terrier named "Dash." He was in the habit of visiting our neighbors, a lady and her daughter, who paid him fonder attention than we could bestow, and he spent most of his time in their more attractive company. They took the train for Boston to pass the winter, and as soon as fairly out of town "Dash" presented himself as a fellow traveller. On their arrival in Poplar St., Boston, we were duly informed and he was permitted to remain. One day as they were shopping on Washington St., to their surprise "Dash" was at their heels in one of the crowded stores.

He soon got astray, and every effort to find him proved unavailing. They returned to Poplar St. with sad hearts. All means by offering rewards and advertising were taken, and at the end of six weeks he was given up. After that lapse of time a relative of these ladies, on his way from the Old Colony depot to Poplar St., was accosted by a wretched, emaciated dog who persisted in keeping close to him, and on reaching the house he expressed his regrets and annoyance for bringing so disagreeable a companion.

"O, Dash! 'tis Dash! our lost Dash!" The rejoicing was great; the scene very affecting.

Now what is particularly notable is, that the dog should have managed to live the lonely and wandering life for six weeks in the city, keeping aloof from strangers, and at last quickly recognize and persist in following the gentleman whom he had only once seen for half an hour three months previous in Gloucester.

—J. H. S.

**A Good Life Ended.**

The Salem Gazette records the death of "Jack" at the age of thirteen. He was once an important member of the police force, and he merited high rank in the Humane Society as the savior of two children from death by drowning in the past eight years.

When his master, with whom he came from Philadelphia, became Officer Shortell, Jack also entered the service. When too old to go over the entire beat he would wait at the Lafayette St. engine house where at both avenues of approach he watched for his master's coming. If persons arrested showed signs of resistance Jack assisted by getting between their legs and upsetting them, and he uniformly stood guard till the prisoner was securely decorated with iron bracelets. He once prevented an assault upon his master, who was unaware of the danger, by seizing the assailant's hair and thus holding him until he was secured. And again, when a tramp attacked officer Shortell from behind, Jack leaped on the fellow and tore his coat from his back.

Yet this noble dog, apparently so savage on proper occasions, was never known to bite any one, not even such scurvy rascals as these. Jack will long be held in grateful remembrance. Peace to his ashes!

**Hath Not a Mule Senses?**

One thing seems to call forth universal indignation, and that is the barbaric treatment of mules. One night we counted thirty-eight people in the car, drawn, as all of them are, by but one mule, and that poor unfortunate creature lashed with a leather thong the whole six miles from the Exposition grounds to the city. And that was but one sample of what is repeated day by day in almost every car that threads these slippery streets. One bright, stanch farmer, who stood a head taller than any one else in the car, after watching the cruelties in silence for half an hour, relieved his pent-up feelings by the brief soliloquy uttered in tones of thunder: "Who can they be who run this line? They can't be human; they must be fiends." And he voiced the feelings of a good many whose sensibilities were smarting for the mule. No stranger was found who did not heartily condemn these atrocious cruelties, not only to car mules but to those employed in the traffic of the city. There were no mules in New Orleans that we learned to respect so much as one attached to a Magazine street car, that kicked up both his hind heels every time he was struck. How he managed to keep on running with the front legs at the same time we never could find out, but it was our conviction that he had genuine ability as well as a due sense of self-respect.

—“B. C. B.,” in *Christian Register*.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, April, 1885.

HON. GEO. Y. JOHNSON.

Superintendent of Department of Agriculture,  
World's Exposition, New Orleans.

Dear Sir:

At your request I am happy to report the work of the "Humane" Division of your department, of which I was led by your earnest solicitation to take charge.

If an appropriation of \$10,000 had been made as contemplated it was my intention to have gathered a very large collection of all inventions and appliances for the benefit of and to prevent cruelty to animals,—including ambulances, cattle car models, improved methods of killing, improved harness—in fact everything a knowledge of which would benefit animals and their owners. The failure of this appropriation reduced the field to some forty thousand copies of humane publications, contributed by various persons and societies, for gratuitous distribution; a large variety of humane pictures, public addresses and lectures; and free information to all persons interested. My operations commenced January 1st, 1885, when our "Centennial Band of Mercy" book was opened, and ended March 16th, when my exhibits were distributed and the "Humane" division closed. The following from the New Orleans *Picayune* of March 16th gives concisely some of the results:

Mr. Geo. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Humane Association, and President of the Parent American Band of Mercy, leaves New Orleans Wednesday, March 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Angell will spend some time in Florida and Washington, and reach Boston about May 1.

During the winter Mr. Angell has given lectures before various New Orleans audiences on the prevention of cruelty to animals, and given addresses to several thousands of children in the white and colored seminaries and schools. He has also distributed through them many thousands of copies of humane publications.

"Bands of Mercy" are formed in many of the schools. One of the largest "Bands of Mercy" has been formed in Trinity Episcopal Sunday School, where Mr. Angell gave his first address. At the Exposition most of the forty thousand copies of humane publications he brought to the city have been distributed by Mr. Angell and his assistants, and thousands of people from various parts of this and other countries have been conversed with on the subject. Tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, have stopped to look at the large picture of the old and starving horse ringing the "Bell of Justice," kindly loaned by Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Boston, and to read the story which Longfellow has made immortal.

To the foregoing should be properly added:

1st. That my appeals through the press and elsewhere, seconded by those of prominent citizens of New Orleans, rendered useless the buildings erected for *Mexican Bull Fights*, compelling the men to return with their bulls to Mexico without giving the proposed entertainments.

2nd. That a paper on the protection of animals, read by me before the New Orleans "International Congress of Educators" on Feb. 26th is to be published and circulated in the United States by the National Bureau of Education.

3rd. That I have numerous articles cut from New Orleans and leading papers in various parts of the country relating to and commanding the humane division of your department.

4th. That a monthly paper devoted to the interests of dumb animals is about to be started in New Orleans. It is to be the organ of the "Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," now being formed, and it will be the first paper of its kind in the Southern States.

5th. That although it is impossible now to estimate results, I am assured and believe that many thousands of human beings as well as dumb beasts will be benefitted by your forethought and earnestness in causing to be established the humane division of your department.

All of which is respectfully submitted by

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,"

President of "Parent American Band of Mercy."

Chairman of "Executive Committee of the American Humane Association," and

Superintendent of Humane Division of the Department of Agriculture, World's Exposition, New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, March 17, 1885.

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.,  
*Supt. Humane Division, Exposition.*

Dear Sir:

Permit me to return my warmest thanks for the services you have rendered my department of the World's Exposition at New Orleans, and to say that in my opinion your labors in lecturing, giving addresses, writing for the press, organizing "Bands of Mercy," distributing humane literature and other similar work, have done more to popularize the Exposition in the city of New Orleans than any other one agency. Please accept my kindest wishes for your health, happiness and future success in your noble mission.

Cordially yours,

GEO. Y. JOHNSON,  
Sup. Dept. Agriculture.

The Directors' March meeting was held on Wednesday the 18th, Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., Chairman of the Board, presiding.

The statistics for February were 106 complaints investigated, 7 prosecutions, 5 convictions, 5 animals taken from work, and 46 humanely killed. Bands of Mercy now number 4771, with a membership of 289,351.

Thanks were voted to the Water Board of the City of Boston, and to the Superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Water Works, for their active cooperation with the Society in authorizing and enabling some of the drinking-troughs for horses to be kept running successfully during the winter months.

Also to Mr. Harry P. Arbucam, Superintendent of East Boston Ferries, for his humanity in sheltering horses from exposure to severe weather during the long detention of a ferry-boat in the ice while crossing the harbor in February last.

Large orders for cards and badges received from New Orleans for Bands of Mercy, just as we go to press, indicate that the good seed sown by Mr. Angell is rapidly springing up.

*A Happy Suggestion.*

The President and Vice President of the Pioneer Band of Mercy of Missouri write as follows:

We were very glad to welcome Mr. Timmins to St. Louis for the purpose of spreading the good work here. He has now given over two years to this new work in our country, and wonderful results will come from his labors as our children grow up with the principles of love, mercy and kindness deeply rooted in their characters. The Humane Societies too will be largely benefitted, for the children of to-day will presently be their earnest supporters.

We think it but just that a tribute of appreciation should be offered Mr. Timmins for spreading the good work, especially as he has not received enough to cover his expenses while among us. It would be almost ungrateful to allow him to depart for England with less means than when he came, after giving nearly three years of earnest, faithful service to the cause.

Will you act as Treasurer, and receive the contributions of his many friends? We will start the ball rolling by a subscription.

Yes—we will so act, and shall take pleasure in receiving and duly accounting for all sums, from the widow's mite to the rich man's largess, that Bands of Mercy or humane persons may choose to bestow.

On the invitation of a leading friend of the cause in England, Mr. Timmins proposes to pay a visit of several months there to help in Band of Mercy work.

The great results of his labors in America have been too often noted in these columns to need recapitulation now. But we may mention, what perhaps is not so fresh in memory, that he has the endorsement of an election as Honorary Member of several of the leading societies in this country.

*Mr. Angell in Florida.*

Judging by the calls made on Mr. Angell directly on his arrival at Jacksonville, and his orders for much humane literature to be forwarded to that point at once, it is evident that he will not get all the rest required after his labor at New Orleans. There is in Florida no law against cruelty to animals, and there is sore need of one, hence a great field for humane work.

Mr. Angell has an urgent call from the President of the South Carolina Society P. C. A., to visit Charleston and lecture there.

*The Milk Question.*

Mrs. Cooper, noted for her attention to the humane treatment of live stock in transit, writing from Concord, N. H. for additional numbers of March *Our Dumb Animals* for distribution, says: "The article from *Medical News* on 'Cows' Milk as a Vehicle of Disease' ought to be considered by all health officers and consumers of milk from Maine to Texas, and not only considered but acted on. One half of the cows in this State are fed on swill and ensilage. No wonder there is so much disease, much of which is traceable to contaminated milk."

*Thoughtless Cruelty.*

A lady writes from Washington: "It was painful to me beyond description to witness the suffering of some of the horses on Inauguration Day. They were compelled to stand for hours without being unchecked while they almost writhed in agony."

*Farmers in Council.*

It was a brilliant feat in journalism for the *Massachusetts Ploughman* to report verbatim the weekly meetings of farmers in the city. One can read their sayings just as they fell from the lips of sagacious, practical men who in plain phrase tell just what they know about farming. Such agricultural reading has an attractive freshness of its own. It is like a breath of unadulterate air, the glimpse of a green pasture, the fragrance of new-mown hay wafted into the stifling bosom of the town.

All the varied industries of the farm are weighed, sifted, and compared, with an end to the best results, by these men of laboring hand and thinking brain, with the thoroughness of a company of scientists searching for absolute truth.

Sheep husbandry has been one of the fruitful topics. Hamlet can be played as well without the Prince of Denmark as sheep husbandry discussed without the appearance of the irrepressible dog. No candid person can read the testimony without believing that some husbandmen suffer great annoyance and loss, and that many sheep are cruelly mangled and killed. Their owners demand better protection in their property rights, and humanity requires that the sheep be saved from being terrified and torn. But thousands of valuable dogs exist free from this besetting sin, or far away from such temptations, and their owners are naturally jealous for the rights and comfort of their favorites.

How best to reconcile the conflicting interests involved, needs coolness, candor and wisdom.

Perhaps much good may be effected through "local option." More collies and fewer curs of low degree in the farming districts would be a means toward the desired end. And there and everywhere the breeding of the best dogs, with the survival of the fittest. Dogs with brains, dogs that can be wisely educated.

Here we are reminded of the attractions of the coming Bench Show of the Kennel Club, at Music Hall, doubtless the best New England has ever held. This will be an assemblage of true canine patricians, all dogs of high degree. In such a select company, it is to be hoped that no sheep-stealer, or son of a sheep-stealer, can find place.

*Good Material for Martyrs.*

There are Christians of the Abou Ben Adhem sort (may their tribe increase!) who are so engrossed in labor for others, as to be not only forgetful of their own souls, but oblivious of creeds and observances.

Of such seem to be the President of the Portland S. P. C. A. and his fellow helpers. On certain evenings they gather in little fellows from the streets, form them into Bands of Mercy, and in other attractive ways seek to win them from bad influences to good ones. Recognizing the importance of the human stomach as a factor in good works, they provided on a recent occasion an appetizing repast of sandwiches. But the youthful guests only picked around the outer edges of the bread, none venturing on the luxury of a mouthful. They were hungry, as healthy boys always are; there was no doubt about that; their mouths watered, it was clear; and but for some inscrutable cause, the boys and the sandwiches would be indissolubly connected at once. Was the meat tainted? Had it come by common cruel cattle-car, instead of the famous Burton stock-car? What could be the matter?

Kindly, puzzled waiting maids, "it is Lent."

Oranges were resorted to with most satisfactory results, —to the lads.

Underlying this little story is a hint in the line of humane education.

Portland has a zealous agent of the S. P. C. A. who is a terror to evil doers. A few Sundays ago, after he had rather summarily dealt with a notorious abuser of horses on the preceding day, two men inquired of a returning churchgoer, in what house thereabouts Mr. Sawyer lived. "Which Mr. Sawyer do you mean?" "Why—Sawyer, the horse-protector."

Could one want a better name to give to St. Peter at the gate?

*In a CAPE ANN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Teacher—Who wrote most of the Psalms? Boy Scholar—Oliver Ditson.*

*Twice-blessed Mercy.*

It was the close of one of the most inclement of the many cold days of the past rigorous winter, when people hastened homeward, shivering and cowering under the cutting blasts. An East Boston ferry-boat had its usual load of passengers, hopeful of fireside enjoyments and a peaceful evening; but the harbor was choked with ice through which the steamer could force a passage only part the way, and there lay helpless in the bitter storm. Sheltered in the cabins the passengers, though weary, impatient, perhaps some of them frightened, suffered no serious discomfort, and they were safe.

But on the deck were horses distressed by the intense cold and in peril of freezing.

At last the Superintendent of Ferries made his way over or through the ice to the imprisoned boat. He could not abate the storm, nor could he bring the steamer to moorings forthwith. But this he did—order the suffering animals out of harness, and into the cabins. There were some protesting passengers, we are sorry to say, but glad to record that there were many who applauded the deed of this man of set will and humane heart. Not only were the horses thus protected, but their blankets, stiff with frost, were carried to the boiler-room and dried for comfortable use when afterward needed by the dumb wearers on that tempestuous night.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Long live the merciful doer, Harry P. Arbucam!

*Painless Death.*

So far as our limitations would admit, we have endeavored to give the gist of Dr. Richardson's lengthy paper in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

For one important part of this Society's work, it matters not what effect his methods have on the flesh of animals thus killed. In that our only concern is that the 'slaying be with generous' suddenness,' and with a minimum of suffering to the unfortunate creatures. To this end we hope yet to have some lethean, electric, or other appliance that shall combine every desirable point.

It may here be aptly said that humane killing has a broader significance than taking life with the least possible pain. It is not humane to respond to calls founded on caprice, indolence, or penuriousness. The animal has rights as well as man, and good cause must be shown why it is better for both that the animal should cease to live.

*Every One to His Taste.*

Among many complaints of cruelty to cats, lodged with a Society P. C. A., was one for "fattening to be eaten." Now, as this process implies coddling and luxurious feeding, the cat must have been suited, and the complainant could enter court only to be non-suited. Of course the cat was kept blissfully ignorant of its destiny lest mental worry should make the body less toothsome. Doubtless the creature took great delight in the much cosseting and many tidbits, and manifested its joy by responsive purrs, never dreaming but all came from the hand of an angel of kindness rather than a greedy ogre hankering for cat meat. But if it be meritorious to fatten the comely turkey, the pretty chicken, the calf, type of simplicity, the lamb, emblem of meekness, the dove, symbol of innocence and love, to be eaten, wherein is it harmful (by human standards) to fatten the cat?

On the whole, the case in question seems to have been one of taste rather than of cruelty.

*A Striking Object-Lesson.*

At one time a large flock of handsome Cotswolds were in the pasture and as they had 10, 12 or 14 pounds of wool on them they could not run fast. A dog got among them and was apparently likely to do much damage. A neighbor was in sight and saw the whole affair. He did not go to the help of the sheep, but he looked on, for he saw that the ram would take care of the dog. It was a big dog but he started for the fence—as soon as he saw the ram—with the ram after him. There was but one hole and the instant the dog's head reached it the ram struck him behind. It was the smallest hole that dog ever went through. That dog was never known to trouble anybody's sheep afterward.

—*Mr. Lamphrey, at Meeting of Farmers.*

We learn from the New Orleans *Daily States* that the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, organized on March 18, a large number of prominent ladies and gentlemen taking part in the proceedings. The constitution was read and adopted, subject to revision by a special committee composed of Messrs. James S. Renshaw, H. V. Ogden, Dr. W. G. Austin, Rev. J. K. Guthiem, and Dr. Felix Ferments. Mr. Bradish Johnson was elected President, and Mr. Eugene H. Levy, Secretary, by acclamation.

Another valuable helper in the humane field appears in the *Humane Record*, the organ of the Humane Society of Missouri. It is a handsome large quarto, published in St. Louis at one dollar per year.

Among its interesting matter is an account of a successful raid on cock-fighters, a half dozen of whom are awaiting trial. Politics always do make strange bed-fellows, and the present instance seems to be a notable example of it. Thus:

"No sooner had the arrests been made than the secretary and agent of the Humane Society were besieged by a number of professed politicians, and all sorts of persuasions, threats and inducements used to obtain a cessation of the prosecutions. Some of these men even had the impudence to assert that convictions could not be obtained because of the effect they would have upon the result of the spring elections, particularly as to the office of Mayor."

It is to be hoped that no such significance attaches to the roosters occasionally given an airing on the bulletin-boards of the *Boston Post*.

*The Voiceless*, of Des Moines, Iowa, which has been sometime silent, now speaks with another tongue, the *Vindicator and Voiceless*, albeit in similar language. It says it "shall, as formerly, contain matter pertaining to, and intended to aid in furtherance of the cause of humanity to those who cannot help themselves, as dumb animals, helpless and afflicted poor and little children."

"Commencing with the March issue we intend to make the *Vindicator and Voiceless* a 16 page monthly, worthy of extensive patronage."

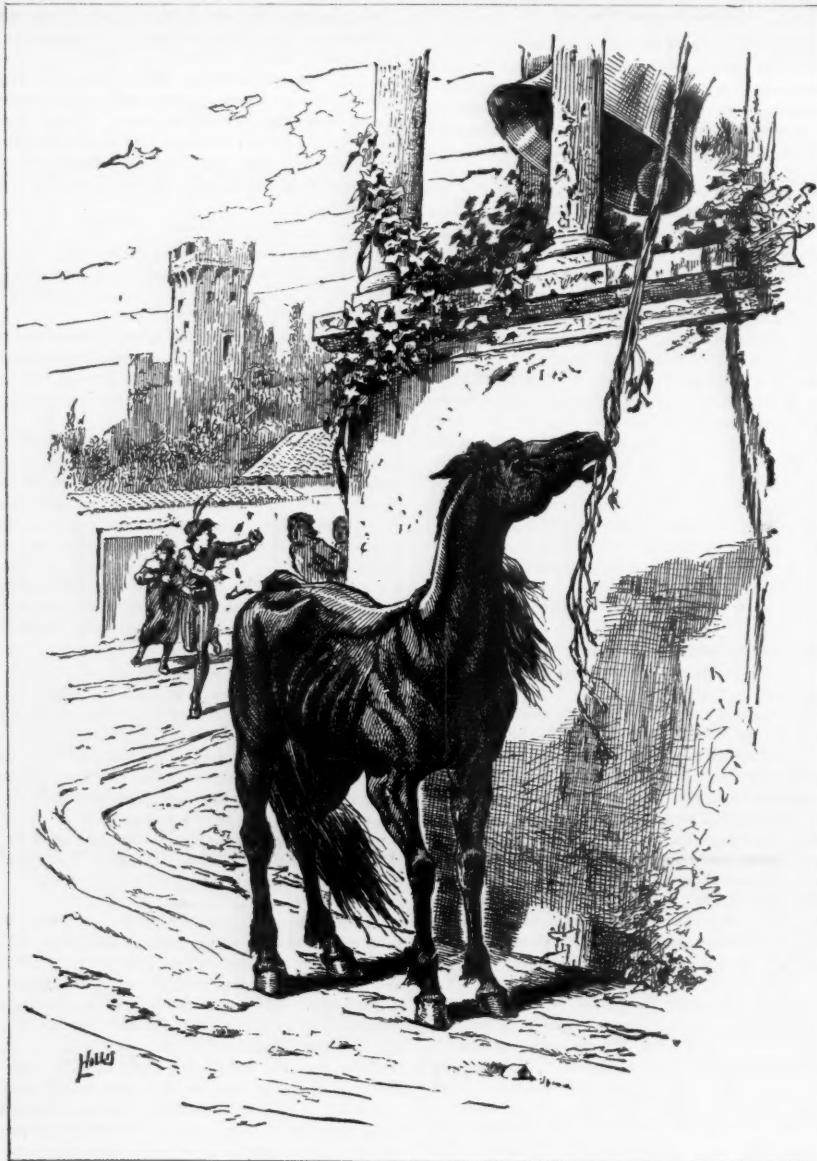
"Golden Days" is the happily chosen title of an exceedingly handsome weekly paper published in Philadelphia, of which we have before made favorable mention, and to which we are indebted for a finely illustrated article in this paper. When at the family fireside in the years long gone, we used to read delightedly the Peter Parley paper, whose coming had been eagerly watched, we did not realize as now that those were "golden days." So the boys and girls of to-day who are fortunate to call their own such a marvel of beauty and attractiveness compared with those of the former time, as is the Philadelphia paper, may not now fully appreciate how golden these days are. But in their future will come pleasant memories of the childhood that enjoyed and profited by the sweet influences of "Golden Days."

*A Winged Pet.*

To the boy the pigeon is a pretty pet; to the man it becomes the object of deep thought, of persevering training, and of patient experiment. Yes! to the boy, pigeons are the royal pets; and thereafter, the caged squirrel, the penned-up toad, the tethered tortoise, lose their charm. Captives are they—yet at liberty, and such a liberty—not of the earth, but of the heavens. They wander, not to catch grass-hoppers in the mowing lot, but to soar with exultant freedom into the skies, still, as their proud owner knows, bound fast to the loft by the ties of home.

The rapture felt when the coop is being prepared; when the first live pigeons are owned; at the discovery of the first white egg; on the return of the birds after their taste and test of liberty,—only those who have felt it know. The speaker recalls the time when he hastened to his loft at five in the morning, where seated on a hard box he spent an hour or two in watching the indoor habits of his pigeons. Sometimes I carried on evening observations by lantern light. Even now, I occasionally see in dreams such ideal pigeons as are figured in the books, and with that light upon their feathers which never was on sea or land.

—*W. G. Barton, before the Essex Institute.*

*The Bell of Atri.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.  
How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand.  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,

Mended the rope with braids of bryony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.  
By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—  
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.  
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.  
At length he said: "What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

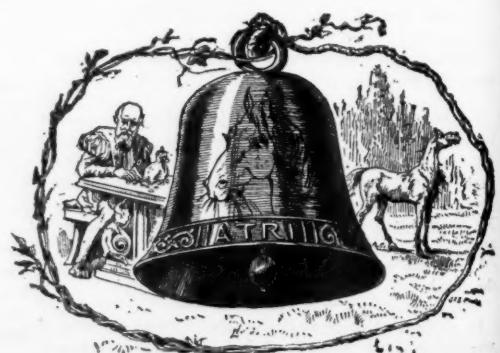
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of bryony.

"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."



**Lear.**

BY EMILY ROYALL IN "GOLDEN DAYS."

Last winter Ned's teacher received the following letter:

"It was my birthday last Monday. I was ten years old. So I thought I'd take my new skates and celebrate. As I started off, skates in hand, Lear sprang over the fence and said he would go, too.

"Perhaps you don't know who Lear is. You recollect the day that was so bad we had only one session. Well, I was on the way home, but in no great hurry, though it snowed and blew considerable—what they call a blizzard, I suppose. First I knew there was a big black dog trotting along behind me. I stopped, and he came in front of me and looked right up into my face. How muddy, and ragged, and gaunt he did look! Something in his eyes made me think of my lunch-box; so I just tossed him all I had left.

"How he swallowed it and asked for more! I told him he didn't stop long enough between bites to have 'em take any effect. Well I went on, and the dog followed—because I was whistling. I suppose. I whistle a good deal.

"I felt uneasy, for I knew our folks didn't want a dog, and just wouldn't have one. So I saw that there was trouble ahead. He went clear home with me, sure enough, and right up to the door. And when I went in he stood there outside, kind of respectful and pleading.

"Of all things!" said mother, as she saw him.

"Och, the dirty baste!" said Ann.

"Oh, mother, can't I have him for my own? Only see, he's so hungry and cold, and wants a place where he can live comfortably."

"Mother shook her head, and looked stern.

"He's a valuable dog, mother; I know he is. He's been lost ever so long, and got gaunt and rough."

"Yes; I see he's in reduced circumstances. I am very sorry for him, Neddy; but I can't be bothered with a dog. We have no earthly use for such an animal."

"Then Virgie came out and says: 'What's to pay now, Ned?'

"And mother told her what was to pay."

"Poor fellow!" said Virgie.

"I saw she didn't mean me, but the dog, which made me gladder.

"Mother, dear, please let him come in a minute," says she.

"And Virgie whistled him in.

"Just then I heard a stamping outside. Father'd come, and I knew it was all up.

"What's here?" says he, stamping and shaking the snow off his hat. "What animal is this?"

"Neddy's dog," said Ben.

"Ben's a little shaver—only three."

"What do you mean, sir?" looking at me. "Haven't I told you you couldn't have a dog?"

"He followed me, sir," said I.

"Followed you! Not without an invitation, I'll wager. You whistled him along, of course?"

"I was kind o' whistlin', but not to him in particular."

"He's a splendid fellow," said Virgie. "Of the noble race of Newfoundland—a royal beggar."

"She was helping father off with his wet coat.

"We've no use for him. Why, an animal like that will eat as much as an ox."

"Oh, father, I'll support him myself out of my own spending money. Only let him stay," said I.

"Let Neddy's dog stay," said little Ben, his lip quivering.

Virgie had got father into his arm-chair in the dining-room and brought him his warm slippers. And pretty soon she came out, and, don't you think? she said I might make the dog a bed of straw in the wood-shed, and we would give him a square meal at dinner-time.

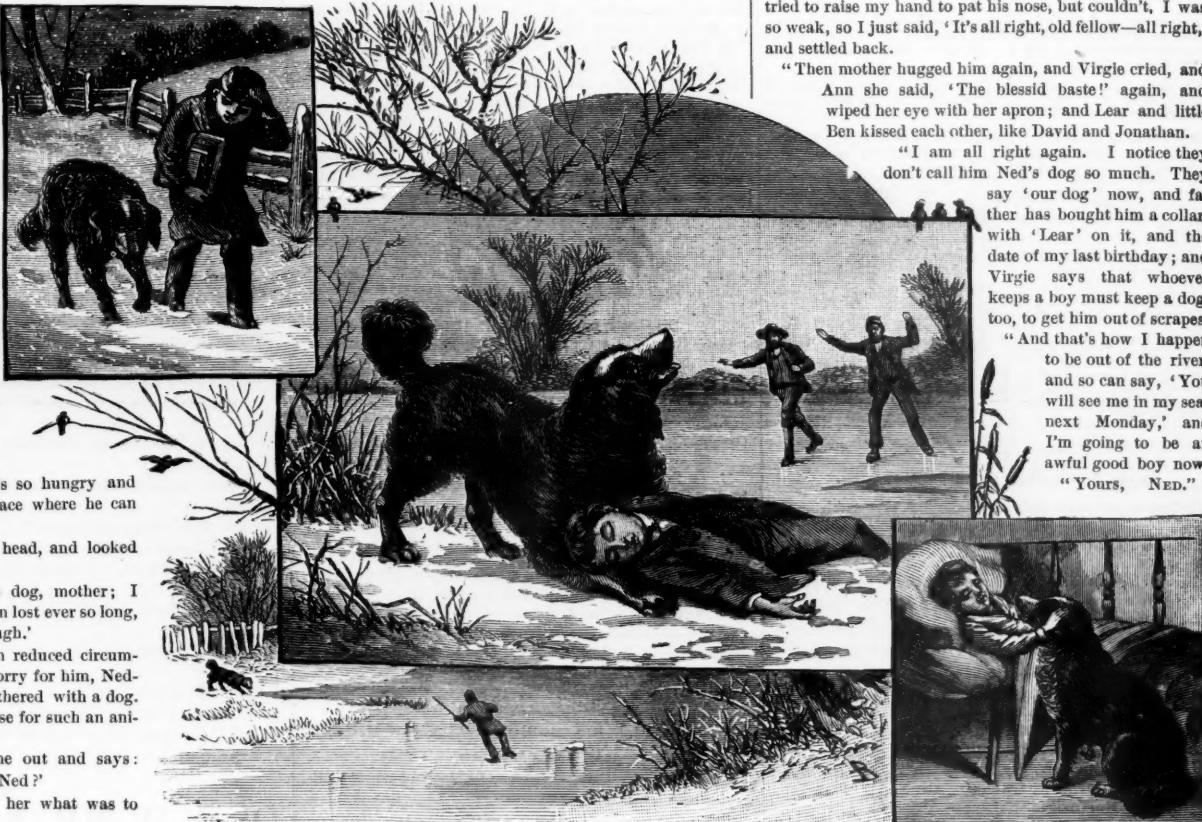
"And Ann, she kept growling about giving notice; but Virgie didn't care.

"And Virgie said he looked like a dethroned monarch wandering at the mercy of the storm.

"Virgie reads in Shakespeare, and she said that we would name him Lear. He's the one who says, 'Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks.'

"And that's the way Lear came to be my dog.

"We went down to the river, as I was saying, that 20th of December, when I was ten years old. The skating wasn't prime, and there wasn't another fellow out; but I



"IT WAS LEAR, MY LEAR, THAT GOT ME OUT—DREW ME UPON DRY LAND."

tried to enjoy it pretty well. And Lear, he ran up and down and around on the bank, seeing what he could find interesting.

"There were two men on the other side cutting and loading ice. I thought I would skate over toward them. I hadn't got half-way over when there was a great cracking, and I was never so scared.

"In an instant I plunged into cold water, and went under. I tried to grab the ice, but it broke up, and wouldn't hold; and I remembered every bad thing I ever did, and, oh, dear! I thought of mother and didn't care for any birthday party.

"Somebody seemed to be rubbing and bumping me awful, and then, after an age, it seemed like, I opened my eyes, and saw mother's own face close to mine, and she kissed me quite considerable. I was on the old settee in the kitchen. There were flannels and hot-water bottles all around me. They fed me some gruel with a spoon, and I felt nice and warm and happy; and I heard them say that

the ice-men had brought me home, but it wasn't the ice-men that got me out. They couldn't get to me, all they could do.

"It was Lear, my Lear, that got me out—drew me upon dry land.

"The current was swift there," said one of the men, "and he must have been a goner if that there dog hadn't jumped after him like a flash, and tugged him out in no time."

"Then mother, all of a sudden, she ran to Lear, and she hugged him around the neck and cried.

"Virgie she followed suit.

"The blessid baste!" said Ann.

"Then little Ben ran up, and kissed Lear on the forehead. 'Good dog!' said he. 'Got Neddy out of river.'

"And Lear he just lapped the gruel Virgie gave him, and stretched out before the fire, and shut his eyes, as if he hadn't done anything worth speaking of.

"By-and-by, when they had stopped making such a fuss, he got up, Lear did, and came and put his paws on the edge of the settee, and looked me right in the face. I tried to raise my hand to pat his nose, but couldn't. I was so weak, so I just said, 'It's all right, old fellow—all right,' and settled back.

"Then mother hugged him again, and Virgie cried, and Ann she said, 'The blessid baste!' again, and wiped her eye with her apron; and Lear and little Ben kissed each other, like David and Jonathan.

"I am all right again. I notice they don't call him Ned's dog so much. They say 'our dog' now, and father has bought him a collar, with 'Lear' on it, and the date of my last birthday; and Virgie says that whoever keeps a boy must keep a dog, too, to get him out of scrapes.

"And that's how I happen to be out of the river, and so can say, 'You will see me in my seat next Monday,' and I'm going to be an awful good boy now.

"Yours, NED."

*Another "Blessid Baste."*

A dog was called to the witness-stand in the Bow-street, London, police court, the other day, and placing his fore-paws on the ledge, he surveyed the audience undismayed. Being inarticulate, his owner had to explain the share which the dog had had in preventing the death by suicide of a wretched woman, who threw herself into the river from the Victoria embankment. A few seconds afterwards a gentleman passed by, accompanied by his dog, a half-bred Newfoundland and retriever. The dog ran down the steps, returned to its master, looked up in his face, gave two short barks, and made for the steps leading to the water again. The gentleman followed the dog and perceived the woman struggling in the water. The animal swam towards her, caught hold of her dress, and dragged her towards the stairs. The gentleman had meanwhile walked into the water up to his knees, and reached his stick to the drowning woman, who seized it and was helped to shore.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

**Cases Reported at Office in February.**

For beating, 10; overworking and overloading, 11; overdriving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 20; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 15; torturing, 5; driving when diseased, 3; general cruelty, 40. Total, 106.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 26; warnings issued, 37; not found, 5; not substantiated, 26; anonymous, 5; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 4.

Animals taken from work, 5; killed, 4.

**Publications Received From Kindred Societies.**

**Animal World.** London, England.  
**Friends of Animals.** Chicago, Ill.  
**Humane Educator.** Cincinnati, Ohio.  
**Humane Journal.** Chicago, Ill.  
**Humane Record.** St. Louis, Mo.  
**Our Animal Friends.** New York, N. Y.  
Vindictor and Voiceless. Des Moines, Iowa.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Bulletin of Cuban S. P. A. and Plants. Havana, Cuba.  
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.  
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Humane Society of Missouri, P. C. A. St. Louis, Mo. Annual Report for 1884.  
Pennsylvania Society P. C. A. Philadelphia, Pa. Seventeenth Annual Report, for 1884.

**Keep.**

Keep free thy tongue from words of ill,  
Keep right thy aim and good thy will;  
Keep all thy acts from passion free,  
Keep strong in hope, no envy see;  
Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand,  
Keep free thy feet, by justice stand.

**Receipts by the Society in February.**

## FINES.

From Justice's Court,—Stockbridge, [2 cases] \$2.  
Police Court,—Chelsea, [paid at H. of C.] \$10; Fitchburg, \$20.  
Municipal Court,—Dorchester District, [paid at Jail.] \$10.  
Witness fees, \$3.60.  
Total, \$45.60

## FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

C. W. Parker, \$50; Geo. G. Hall, \$20; Edw. Lawrence, \$20; Mrs. C. S. Rogers, \$3; Anonymous, \$3; Second Ch. Sunday School, Dorchester, \$5.50.

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Total, \$741.50.

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Women's Branch Soc. P. C. to Animals, Phil., Pa., \$34.25; Rhode Island Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$12; J. G. Fogate, \$12.50; Annie Waln, \$9; A. E. Middleton & M. H. Pinckney, \$6.40; Mrs. R. N. Swift, \$5.40; A. Biddle, \$4; Edw. Bringhurst, \$2.70; Delaware Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$2.25; Mrs. W. W. Ackley, \$1.80; W. D. Brigham, \$1.80; L. Bradford, \$1.29; Mrs. H. C. D. King, 88 cts.; S. L. Smith, 75 cts.; W. F. S. Sill, 68 cts.; Jno. W. Hopcock, 25 cts.

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Total, \$304.45.

## OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$26.25; publications sold, \$15.08.

Total receipts in February, \$1332.88.

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